



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

SONGS

INVOCATION

O glass-blower of time,
Hast blown all shapes at thy fire?
Canst thou no lovelier bell,
No clearer bubble, clear as delight, inflate me—
Worthy to hold such wine
As was never yet trod from the grape,
Since the stars shed their light, since the moon
Troubled the night with her beauty?

A VIVID GIRL

Her face is fair and smooth and fine,
Childlike, with secret laughter lit,
Drooping in pity, bright with wit,
A flower, a flame—God fashioned it.
Who sees her tastes the sacred wine.

PROVINCIAL

The Dunkard ladies ride to town
Demure in the wagon behind their men:
Each wears a black bonnet tied under her chin,
And a green or scarlet gown.

Provincial

I saw three stand in an awning's shade,
Where golden fruits were in prim rows laid—
Plump girls, like rabbits, with dough-white skin.
One sucked at a fig as at secret sin.

Half-scared, half-stolid, they eye the crowd,
Blink at shop-windows, gape toward the sky.
A sharp Italian, chattering loud,
Regards them—her glance is comedy!
Clara Shanafelt